

I TOLD MY SON

I told my son, that if there was going to be another war like that, he wouldn't want to go to it, and he said:

"It ain't like you always said it was. Uncle Dingo says they had fun. He was telling me this one time him and this other guy, this was in Da Neng or something, they got all ripped on, think it was weed, so they snuck out sort of, took off in this helicopter, it was real late, and they got the old whirleybird, that's what he calls 'em, up there, and the VeeCee started strafing them, okay -- and it was night, and Dingo and the guy they could see where the flak come out of, so they just charged on in there, to plaster them VeeCeese. Ding says him and that guy flew in so fucking low, a couple trees got lopped off, by them big blades, so they had the blades chuckin' pieces of logs all over, and all they had this whole time was a machine gun, and it was all jerky in there so Ding he almost dropped out the door one time --"

I told him, "That I could almost believe."

"Well they got them VeeCee. He said they went out the next day and looked. Him and that other guy was almost a-scared to go back that night, cause they thought their own guys would shoot at them."

I commented, "That's intelligent."

"But they were fightin' a war, Dad. You gotta take some risks if you're fightin' a war."

"Okay, Jason," I said. "I suppose to you it was well worth wasting the gas."

"Wasting the gas? You out of your gourd?"

"I must be," I said. "That's what everybody keeps telling me."

-- William Marsh

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